

We Found Love Right Where We Are by Luddleston

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Summary:

The night after the proposal, Yuuri and Viktor can't get over the fact that they're engaged. Way too much excitement in all the best ways, a few tears, and of course, more kisses than two people should realistically be able to stand.

We Found Love Right Where We Are

Author's Note:

LISTEN: I WILL NEVER GET OVER THIS.

I have already cried more times than Yuuri has in this fic. I swear. If these two can be happy, maybe someday my gay ass can too.

Viktor had pushed the beds together their first night in Barcelona, just as soon as he saw there were only two singles, but the night of Yuuri's proposal, they both squished onto one of the beds. Yuuri wasn't used to his ring yet, and had been fidgeting with it all night, twisting it around his finger, stealing glances at it every few seconds. Viktor smiled every time he caught Yuuri staring at the wedding band, because the light in his eyes was like a promise that someday, they would have something even more heart-achingly romantic than their tender kisses on the steps of the cathedral had been. Someday, they'd stand on the steps of a church and hear wedding bells in the background instead of carolers.

Even now, Yuuri was holding Viktor's hand and running his fingers over his palm, paying special attention to the matching ring. Viktor was laying with his front against Yuuri's back, breathing in the sharp, citrusy scent of Yuuri's shampoo.

"I can't believe you're going to be my husband," Yuuri said, and Viktor could hear the smile on his voice. Yuuri hadn't stopped smiling all night, and had even recovered from the shock of Viktor telling all their friends with a surprising ease. "We might as well tell everyone," he'd said, "it's going to be all over the news as soon as we show up with our rings tomorrow." Seeing Yuuri, who was normally a very private person, so eager to tell everyone made Viktor happy. Hearing him speaking rapid Japanese to his parents—Viktor couldn't understand it all, but he caught his name, the word "love," and "after the Grand Prix Finals—" made him even happier.

"I love you," Viktor replied, and Yuuri's hand tightened on his.

"Viktor," Yuuri said, snuggling back against him, "let's make love."

Those words would've sounded sappy from anyone else, but that's how it was with Yuuri. From him, it was just sentimental, sweet, an honest request because he *loved* Viktor. "You'll be tired tomorrow," Viktor said, but his argument was considerably weakened by the fact that he was already kissing Yuuri's neck, soft, fluttery things, because as much as he wanted to, leaving a mark for all the judges and the cameras to see was probably beyond what Yuuri was comfortable with. The ring was enough to let everyone know he belonged to Viktor, and vice versa.

"Worth it," Yuuri replied, tugging at the neckline of his loose pajama shirt so Viktor had more room to kiss him. "We just got engaged, we need to celebrate."

"You've convinced me," Viktor said, skirting a hand up Yuuri's shirt, liking the way Yuuri sucked in a breath when Viktor's hand pressed against his belly.

"Your ring is cold," Yuuri said, and Viktor smiled against his neck. Yuuri turned in his arms and kissed him, comfortable and well-practiced actions drawing Viktor closer and closer to him. Yuuri had been so awkward when he kissed Viktor during their first time, hesitant and graceless, but now he held Viktor with easy confidence that Viktor thought was absolutely sexy. Yuuri hitched one leg up over Viktor's hip, the whole of him burning hot, and Viktor grabbed his ass, groping him through his boxer-briefs.

After a while, their kisses turned messy, both of them hard and rocking together hard enough to make the old bedframe squeak. Viktor's moans reverberated against Yuuri's lips, and Yuuri rubbed the back of Viktor's neck, tipping his head to the right angle. They paused for a moment, breathing in the air the other exhaled, and into the semi-silence, Yuuri said, "Can I suck you off?"

"*Fuck*," Viktor groaned, hands splaying firmly on Yuuri's back, because he knew it wasn't just the overwhelming sexual energy that had Yuuri asking to blow him. He was being *romantic*, because it was a reminder of their first

time. "Yes, yes, alright, of course," Viktor said, and Yuuri smiled beautifully at him, getting lost in another long kiss.

Yuuri pulled Viktor to the foot of the bed, then knelt in front of him, palms spreading his legs. Viktor was just in a pair of threadbare pajama pants, practically the full outline of his cock visible through the fabric. Yuuri didn't move to take them off right away, laying his hot mouth on Viktor's cock through his sweats, and Viktor just about lost it right then.

"You like that?" Yuuri asked, even though he clearly liked it, the pre-come soaking through his pants obvious enough.

"Yes, *god*. I have the sexiest fiance in the word."

"No you dont," Yuuri said, and his grin was more seductive than any dirty wink Viktor had ever gotten from someone, "I do."

"Come here," Viktor said, "I need to kiss you again." Yuuri rose up on his knees and kissed Viktor back onto the bed, until he was leaned over him, sucking on Viktor's lower lip and grinding against him again, tangling their hands together. Viktor felt a thrill go through him when he felt Yuuri's ring against his palm. "Yuuri," Viktor breathed, "Yuuri. *We're getting married.*"

Yuuri let out a bright giggle and kissed his temple. "I *know*. I asked you, remember?"

"I love you, Yuuri," Viktor said, putting his hands around Yuuri's waist and just holding him for a minute. "With all my heart."

Yuuri's breath was shaky and he tucked his face into Viktor's shoulder. He trembled a little, and it took Viktor a moment to realize he was crying. He'd cried right after the proposal, his tears freezing in the winter air, and Viktor had cried too, kissing him and holding him tight, both of them laughing stuffily and when they finally left the steps of the church behind, they walked with their arms around each other.

"I'm so happy," Yuuri said after a while. His voice sounded raw. "I never could have imagined this."

Viktor brushed tears from the side of Yuuri's nose. "Are you alright?"

"I'm. Hm, what's the word. Overwhelmed," Yuuri said, kissing his cheek. "I'm just so happy."

"You said that already."

"And I meant to repeat it."

Viktor hummed thoughtfully and petted Yuuri's back. "Still want to make love?"

Yuuri rolled on top of Viktor, giving him firm, lingering kisses, and Viktor took that as an affirmative, slipping one hand down the back of Yuuri's boxers. "Sorry I didn't finish sucking you off," Yuuri said, and the apology was extremely unnecessary.

"Don't worry, love," Viktor said. "I want you close right now." Yuuri straddled his lap, frothing against him, and Viktor reached between them, gasping a little against Yuuri's jaw when he realized he could feel the head of Yuuri's cock peeking above the waistband of his briefs. They could have gotten off like that, grinding together until both of them came in their pants, but Viktor rolled Yuuri over and stripped off his pants, readjusting his legs so Yuuri could get his boxers off, the both of them only separating for the minimal amount of time before coming back together. They were only wearing their wedding rings.

Viktor made a pouty little noise when Yuuri scrambled out from under him so he could grab the lube he knew Viktor had in his little bag of toiletries lying on the floor next to the table. He stopped frowning once he realized what Yuuri was doing, though. "Oh. Are we going all the way tonight?" he asked, surprised, because Yuuri wasn't ordinarily up for sex right before he competed.

"If you want," Yuuri said, "but you're not topping."

Viktor kissed his breastbone, top-to-bottom. "Okay," he said, between kisses, "fuck me."

"I think I want to just—" he made some rather elaborative hand gestures, "—with my fingers."

"Mm-hm," Viktor agreed, gently biting Yuuri's throat, not hard enough to leave a mark, just enough that Yuuri knew he wanted to. Yuuri slicked up his fingers with a few drops of the lube, tracing his opposite, dry hand down Viktor's spine, fingers bumping over every vertebra.

Yuuri laid back on the bed and Viktor climbed onto his lap, propping himself up on one elbow and stroking Yuuri's chin and jaw with his other hand. Yuuri wound one hand around the back of Viktor's neck, his other hand slipping lower, gently rubbing him for a minute before slipping his middle finger inside, giggling when Viktor's hips hitched forward and then moaning when his cock pressed against Viktor's.

"You feel so good, Yuuri," Viktor said. From the angle, Yuuri couldn't really reach his prostate, but the way his fingers curled and stretched him was making heat settle in at the base of his spine. Yuuri's lower eyelids were still a little puffy because he'd been crying happy tears, and Viktor kissed him there, his whole body starting to shake when Yuuri put another finger in him. "Fuck!"

Yuuri started pressing his hips up, his thighs flexing so he could press himself more firmly against Viktor. Their rhythm was off completely, because Viktor couldn't figure out whether he wanted to rock back against Yuuri's fingers or forward against his cock, but it didn't matter, because Yuuri was moaning, speaking rapidly in Japanese, and Viktor knew that whatever he was saying was *filthy*, because Yuuri was speaking with that rough voice that always meant he was talking dirty. It wasn't even a few random phrases he was spitting out either, he was babbling this constant stream of innuendo that Viktor didn't understand.

He'd once asked Yuuri to translate his dirty talk, and had learned, by way of a stuttering, nervous Yuuri, that his boyfriend was completely nasty, and from then on, Yuuri talking to him in Japanese during sex drove him wild.

Yuuri stopped talking after a moment, pulling in short, deep breaths, his fingers stuttering faster and faster inside of Viktor. Viktor laid a hand on

Yuuri's side, could feel his core tightening, and he knew Yuuri was about to come. He ground harder against Yuuri, pushing him over the edge, and Yuuri held Viktor tight, his fingers slipping out of him so he could wrap an arm around Viktor's waist, his other arm around his shoulders. He sobbed with his orgasm, breath catching deep in his chest, and Viktor gentled him, whispering, "yes, that's good, you're so good, baby, I love you, I've got you." Yuuri's chest heaved under Viktor's steady one, and Viktor petted his hair, pressing soft kisses to his cheeks—happy tears tracking across them again.

Yuuri pushed his nose into Viktor's neck and continued to shudder out increasingly steady breaths. Viktor fucked against Yuuri's hipbone, knew he was too close to do anything else except bring himself off like this, trading humid kisses with Yuuri while he moved. When he came, it was with Yuuri whispering in Japanese in his ear, and this time, he understood it. "I love you," he was saying, over and over.

When Viktor drifted back to the present, Yuuri was looking at him tenderly, ruffled in the best way, his hips and belly splattered with their come, fading tear tracks still on his cheeks, hair askew, lips red from pressing to Viktor's over and over, his gold ring sparkling on his right hand. "I love that you wore it on your right," Viktor said, smiling. "How did you learn that?"

"About Russia? I asked Yakov," Yuuri explained, like it was the easiest solution in the world.

"You're sweet," Viktor said, sitting up and running his fingers through Yuuri's hair. "Let's get you cleaned up," he said, "you're not going to be able to sleep if you're a mess."

Yuuri stretched and yawned, nearly rolling onto his side before remembering that he didn't want to get come on the sheets, and pausing. It was cute of him, and so was the way he snuggled close to Viktor as soon as Viktor came back with a damp washcloth to clean both of them off. "That was so good," Yuuri sighed. "I'm tired."

"Go to bed, then," Viktor said, because they were still both on the bed Viktor had claimed as his own. He tossed the washcloth into the bathroom

—Yuuri would probably step on it in the morning and start screeching at him.

"I want to snuggle with you." Yuuri was doing a good job of it, too, curling up with his head pressed against Viktor's hip and his hand on Viktor's knee.

"How am I supposed to say no to that?" Viktor joked, checking his alarm one final time before pulling the blankets over them both.

"Viktor?" Yuuri asked, bumping his nose against Viktor's.

"Hm?"

"Even if I don't win, we're still going to get married," he said. There was a bit of a question in it, like he needed Viktor to agree.

And Viktor did. "Of course. I want you to be my husband."

Yuuri's smile was so bright, Viktor forgot it was twelve A.M. "Good," he said, and leaned forward to kiss Viktor gently, lingering against his lips like he wanted to fall asleep kissing him. He didn't; instead, he tucked his head into Viktor's shoulder and wrapped an arm around his chest. "Goodnight, love."

"Mm." Viktor was suddenly exhausted, but the good kind, where all of him just felt melted into something pleasantly warm. He reached down to the hand Yuuri had over his chest, fingertips brushing the surface of his ring.

Viktor wasn't used to the ring yet, either—more so than Yuuri, because of the two of them, he was more prone to wearing jewelry. But he wasn't used to catching a glance of it every so often and remembering that the man he loved, loved him back, and always would. It took his breath away just a little every time, the same way Yuuri was going to steal his breath on the ice tomorrow.

Author's Note:

Yell with me about these married doofuses on tumblr @luddlestons or on my NSFW tumblr @seldula